Effigies Joh: Quarles.

W: Faithorne fe: John Stafford excu:

Effigies Joh: Quarles.

W: Faithorne fe: John Stafford excu:

Regale Lectum Miseriæ:

OR,

A KINGLY BED

OF MISERIE.

In which is contained,

A *DREAME:*

WITH

An *Elegie* upon the Martyrdome of CHARLES, late King of *ENGLAND*, of blessed Memory.

AND

Another upon the Right Honourable the Lord *Capel.*

WITH

A curse against the Enemies of Peace, and the Authors Farewell to England.

By JOHN QUARLES.

Printed in the Year, 1659.

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TO

That Patroneſſe of Vertue, and

MOST

Illuſtrious Princeſſe,

ELIZABETH,

The ſorrowfull Daughter to our late Martyr'd Soveraigne,

CHARLES,

KING of ENGLAND, &c.

Moſt Vertuous Princeſs,

AS this ſubject, which my zealous preſumption preſents to your ſerious view, is a compound of joy and griefe; ſo I hope it will furniſh your Royall breaſt as well with the raptures of joy, as the principles of

ſorrow. Madam, I am confident that I may, without adulation ſay, that your Royall Fathers death gave a life to Vertue. And as we have a ſufficient cauſe to deplore the abſence of his Perſon, ſo we have an undeniable reaſon to rejoyce for the preſence of his perfections, which will build everlaſting Pyramids in the hearts of thoſe, which were his loyall Subjects. Madam, although Heaven hath been pleaſed to diminiſh your joyes in this miſerable Kingdome, yet no queſtion but he will hereafter

ter multiply your pleaſures in his own. In the mean time, may the glories of Heaven, and the Meditations of your incomparable Fathers unparallel'd vertues, keep a conſtant correſpondency with your Royall heart; as it is the unfained prayers of him, who dedicates himſelf to your Highneſſe perfections, and is

MADAM,

A ſworn Servant to your vertues,

JOHN QUARLS.

TO THE READER.

Courteous READER.

I Have not ſo much to ſay in my owne defence for the weak perſormance of this work, which I confeſſe was hammer'd out of a diſturbed minde; therefore if there be any thing in it contrary to thy diſpoſition, I ſhall deſire thee to moderate thy paſſion, and pardon my imbecility; for it is generally known, that errours in grief are incident to all: as for the errours of the Preſs, I ſuppoſe them pardonable, in reſpect that it hath received many interruptions, and haſt joyn'd with feare, are conductors to miſtakes: New Reader, my occaſions beyond Sea adviſe me to bid thee adieu; the worſt that I can expect to ſuffer abroad, is but the extremities of

Warre;

Warre; and the best that I can expect at home, is but the worst of miseries: If therefore there be a necessity of suffering, I conconceive it to be the best of sufferings, to suffer with the best of sufferers, whose faithfull Subject I am, and thy Servant Reader, (if thou art loyall)

JOHN QUARLES.

A Dreame.

MOrpheus (thou Turn-key to all humane ſenſe)
Unlock my brain, that I may fly from hence,
Out of this Cage of ſleep, let me not lye
And drown my ſenſes in ſtupidity.
My thoughts ſurprize my thoughts, I cannot reſt,
I have a *Civill Warre* within my breſt;
I'me full of thoughts: what uncontroled ſtreams
Flow from the fancies Ocean? Oh! what dreams
Have ſail'd into my ſtory mind? And bring
No other burthen with them but a *King*,
A King! could I but kiſſe that word, and not be
An *Idolizer*; 'tis too great a fault, (thought
To kiſſe his *hand*. Nor can I think it ſtrange,
For *times* & *manners* needs muſt have their change.
'Tis true I dream'd me thoughts my watchful eyes
Obſerv'd a *King*, and then a *Sacrifice*
And raviſh'd with that *majeſty* and *grace*
I ſaw united in his modeſt *face*,

I ran to kiſs his *hand*, but with a fall
I wak'd, and loſt both *King*, and *kiſs*, and *all*,
And thus reſtored to my former ſenſe,
I thus proceeded in my thoughts; from when
Ariſe theſe fancies? What? did *fancy* mean
To cauſe a ſudden fall to intervene
Between a kiſs and me? 'twas an abuſe
That runs beyond the limits of excuſe.
I was inrag'd to think that I ſhould miſs
(Being ſo near his hand) ſo ſweet a kiſs.
I check'd my *fancy*, which was too preciſe
To make me run ſo faſt, yet loſe the prize.
Thoughts follow thoughts, and when the firſt is
A ſecond riſes which does oft prevent (ſpen
An inconvenient action, many time
A ſecond thought gains *vertue* by a *crime*.
The firſt being baniſh'd, *reaſon* thought it good
To place a ſecond, where the firſt thought ſtood
And then I found my active *fancy* play'd
The *Politician*, and that thought allay'd
The former flames of paſſion in my breſt,
Then was I pleas'd with what my thoughts expre
Which was to this effect ———

Me thoughts I ſaw
A grieved *King*, whoſe very looks were *Law*.
He ſigh'd, as if his tender heart had taken
A farewell of his body, and forſaken

Thi

his lower world, his ſtar-like eyes were fixt
pon the face of *Heav'n*, his hands commixt
is *tongue* was parſimonius, yet my ear
That was attentive) could not prevaile to hear
his whiſp'ring echo: Oh be pleas'd t'incline
hy ſacred ears! *was ever griefe like mine?*
Vas ever heart ſo ſad? was ever any
o deſtitute of *joy*, that had ſo many
s I have had? though all be ſnatch'd from me,
et let me have an intereſt in thee.
h heaven! and there he ſtop'd as if his breath
ad ſtept aſide to entertain a death.
y ſoul was raviſh'd and the private dart
f new-bred love, ſtruck pity to my heart,
could not hold, but ſilently bequeath
ome drops unto the ground, my ſoul did cleave
nto his lips, for every word he ſpoke
Vas ponderous and would have eaſily broke
h'obdurat'ſt heart; I turn'd away my eye,
nd ſuddenly methoughts I did eſpy
Sacrifice; which when I did behold,
y blood recoiled, and my heart grew cold:
was tranſported, and methoughts the place
Vhereon I ſtood, ſeem'd bloody for a ſpace:
trembling, caſt my wearied eyes about,
ninking to find my former object out,
ut he was gone; and in his room was plac'd
many-headed *monſter* that diſgrac'd

The very place: They vaniſh'd, then appear
A large-pretending rout, as well be ear'd
As *Balaam's Aſſe*, methoughts they did excell
The *Aſſe* in ears, but could not ſpeak ſo well.
Methoughts they call'd a *Councell* to contrive
Their high deſignes and zealouſly diſſlive
Some great *Offenders* that they thought too wi
To live amongſt ſuch *ears*, ſuch caſt up *eyes*.
"*One* I obſerv'd amongſt the ſtudious *race*
"That had (methoughts) a *bone-fire* in his face
"Another I diſcri'd amongſt the *pack*,
"That ſeem'd to bear a *Kingdome* on his *back*:
"Another I beheld which pleas'd me beſt,
"That could not rule *himſelfe*, yet rul'd the *reſt*
"Another I eſpi'd which ſeem'd to look
"And read, but at the wrong end of his *Book*:
"Another I obſerv'd which ſeem'd to weep,
"And inconcluſion, pray'd himſelfe *aſleep*:
"Another I deſcri'd, among theſe *Brothers*,
"That vow'd 'twas right, becauſe he'd pleaſe t
"Another he ſtood up, and wiſely broke (*other*
"His long-kept-ſilent lips, and thus beſpoke.

Come! let's no longer now be kept in aw,
I'am ſure our welfare is the *Supreame Law*;
A *King*, that's nothing but a power that is
Subordinate; the Laws are *ours*, not *His*;
Is't not the *People* makes a *King*? well, then
If we let him be *King*, we're *fooles*, not *Men*:

F

for now we have him in his own made *ſnare*,
Wee'le keep him faſt, oh that we had His *hair!*
Come, let's proceed, and if our plots hit right
You ſhall be *Lords* at leaſt, and I a *Knight*.
And let *Malignants* prate, their Purſes ſhall
Pay tribute for their *tongues* at *Gold-ſmiths Hall*:
And if they grumble at what *we* ſhall do,
Wee'le make them pay their *lives* and *money* too;
The day is ours, let's not abuſe that power (ſower
Which *Heav'n* hath lent us, for ſweet things prove
If not made uſe of, have we not been poor
And others rich? Come, let's increaſe our ſtore:
Had we but our deſerts, might we not crave
The priviledge of all that *others* have?
All's ours, and yet our miſeries are ſuch,
That we are rich in *little*, poor in *much*;
Alas! our tender hearts are fill'd *with* pitty
To ſee ſo many blind in one poor *Citty*;
If they would pleaſe in a true zealous faſhion
To moderate their long continued *paſſion*,
T'would much rejoyce the *Saints*, and we will pray
That they may live untill a wiſer day;
Th'are very *pious people*, and we could
Both live and dye together, if they would
But furniſh our deſires with every thing
We want, and dote not too much on a *King*:
He's but a *Man* at moſt, and yet *they* muſt
Adore His *Perſon*, though He be *unjuſt*,

I could not chuſe but laugh the other day,
I'ſpy'd a *Cavalier* that cloſely lay
Perdue to kiſſe his *hand*, and by and by
He ſtarts away, and when as he was nigh
(That which they call a *King*) as his own length
His *legs* (not having that ſufficient ſtrength
His *haſt* requir'd) receiv'd a ſudden fall
And overturn'd *himſelf*, his *King*, and *all*:
The ſight much pleas'd me, being very near,
I never help'd the *King*, nor a *Cavalier*:
I ſoon retreated from that happy place,
And left them both in a diſtracted caſe;
But as I went, I was ſo bleſt to meet
An upright *Siſter*, whoſe dividing *feet*
Stept with ſuch innocency, that my heart
Did almoſt leap upon *her* to impart
My new-bred joy; her very looks betray'd
Her heart, indeed ſhe was a lovely Maid:
I bow'd my ſelf, and zealouſly imbrac'd
The ſmall circumf'rence of her bending waſte,
I kiſs'd her mouth, and having done that duty,
My lips divided, and prais'd her beauty;
Extreams of joy did almoſt make me faint:
I thonght, oh! *here's a Siſter for a Saint*:
I was amaz'd, my very ſoul did move
Between the great extreams of *fear* and *love*;
She ſmil'd upon me, and that very ſmile
Prov'd a *Reſtorative*, and for a while

I mus'd

I mus'd; at laſt my lips began to break,
As that ſmile had licenced them to ſpeak;
Oh! then my *mouth* being ram'd with *words* let fly
Both *wit*, and *language*, and did ſoar as high
As our *Remonſtrance*, oh! how I did heat
Her ears with my diſcourſe, it was ſo neat;
As if my ready *mouth* had been the *School*
Of *language*, yet ſhe pleas'd to call *me Fool*;
But 'twas in jeſt I'm ſure, or were it not
'Tis nothing ſince my goodneſſe has forgot
My ſiſters weakneſſe, and indeed we *men*
Muſt beare with *Siſters* failings *now* and *then*;
They often trip in *zeal*, and ſometimes take
A fall, and love it for the *Giver's* ſake:
Our greateſt faults they'l pardon for a buſs,
Come, we muſt beare with *them*, they bear with *us*;
But after ſhe had call'd me *fool*, ſhe checkt
Her ſelf, I wiſely own'd it with neglect,
I ſpread my *cloak* upon the ground, and there
We cool'd our *paſſions* in the open air:
Siſter, ſaid I, you have been pleas'd to ſpend
The name of *Fool* upon your faithfull *friend*,
It was my *worth* you raſhly did eclips
And I'le have ſatisfaction from thoſe *lips*
That gave th'affront, let me no longer ſtay,
My fury will admit of no delay.
Dear *Brother*, ſhe reply'd if it be ſo
You muſt have ſatisfaction, *take't below*;

You ſoar too high at firſt, I muſt deteſt
Your lofty *play*, the middle *way* is beſt;
But if you are not reſolv'd, you ſhall not ſay
I'm obſtinate: for if you will, you may:
I ſoon return'd her thanks, and with my hand
I pull'd her cloſe, and made her underſtand
What I had ſeen: But oh how ſhe was pleas'd:
Ah verily (ſaid ſhe) the news has eas'd
My longing *heart*. But when the *King* fell down
Thou wert unwiſe thou hadſt not ſnatch'd *his Crown*
'Tis rarely ſpoken *Siſter*, had I had
The *Crown*, I ſhould have made a gallant *Lad*;
Should I but ſway the Scepter of this Land,
I'de make my *Subjects* dye at my command;
I'de lop the *great ones* off, and make the *low*
Subordinate to me, I'de make them know
The *reines* were mine; but at the firſt I'de ſteal
Into their hearts, and fool them with my *zeal*.
I would declare unto the world, and take
An Oath, I acted for *Religions* ſake:
I'de fill them full of *novelties*, and then
Siſter thou knowſt the common ſort of *Men*
(Like flies) will buz about my new- made light;
I'de call them *Babes of grace*, and make them fight
With *Cerberus* himſelfe in my defence,
My *Soul* now tels me 'tis a rare *pretence*?
I'de hire ſome baubling *Preachers* to infuſe
Diviſion; and to flatter them with *news*.

I'de

I'de plump their *ſouls* with *promiſes*, that they
Should never fail to *ſwear*, what I ſhould ſay;
I'de make my *Preachers* urge them all to joyn
And fight for God; then will their *Plate* be mine:
This is an *art* that lies above the reach
Of every *brain*: I'de ſuffer all to *Preach*
And ſow *ſedition*, every one ſhould be
At leaſt a *Saint*, and preach upon a Tree:
And if my great occaſions ſhould require
Large ſums of *money*, then would I inſpire
A *Publique faith*; and if it would not riſe
That way: I'de make the bellows of *Exciſe*
To puffe it up; this is a cleanly way
To ſweep up money, *Souldiers muſt have pay*
Siſter, thou knowſt 'tis no *diſgracing ſtealth*
To make *Religion* rob the *Common-wealth*:
What though *Malignant*, raile at our deſignes,
We can extract our livings from their *fines*:
I've ſpoke enough, now *Siſter* I'le divorce
My nimble tongue from this *profound diſcourſe*:
Now give me leave to dedicate my heart
To thee (my patroneſſe) before I part.
Brother, alas! I am a harmleſſe Maid
And we you know are eaſily betray'd
By mens deluſion: If your love be true,
The zeal of my affections light on you;
You know we ought to love, and none can be
More honeſt in their harmleſſe love: than we,

For

For we may love each other in the ſpirit,
And pray and preach together, and inherit
Our own deſires, whilſt others ſend their cries
To their beloveds, and yet looſe the prize.
Siſter thou haſt exactly ſatisfi'd
My large deſires: may happineſſe bety'd
The thriving *ſpirit*, truly 'tis a pain
To part, but that I hope to meet again:
London (that neſt of worth) that *yeilding place*,
I am reſolv'd to view, within the ſpace
Of forty hours, where I intend to ſpare
And ſee ſome *brethren* I have there,
It is a godly place as *fame* relates,
For there the *Siſters* live, and all the *States*;
Truly th'are very godly and pretend
Juſt like *our ſelves*, to be a faithfull friend
To *King*, and *Monarchy*, when as Alas --
And then I wak'd, and let the other paſs
Unutter'd, but indeed I doe confeſs
I wiſh that I had heard a great deal leſs,
And yet (to ſpeak the truth) I was perplext,
Becauſe I could not hear what followed next.
This was a midnights dream, I was in pain
Till night had lull'd me in her arms again.
And for the ſpace of half a tedious houre
I was diſturb'd, till ſleep had gain'd ſome powe
Over my ſlumb'ring ſenſes, but at laſt
Call'd to the bar of ſleep I there was caſt:

I ha

I had not long in peacefull pleaſure ſlumber'd,
Before an inrerpoſing dream incumber'd
My quiet fancy, ſuddenly my ear
Was fill'd with ſuch a noiſe, as none could hear
Without much fear, as if th' incurved back
Of burth'ned *Atlas* had begun to crack.
Methoughts I ſaw the *Heav'ns* how they begun
(As if th'ad ſcorn'd the glory of the Sun)
To frown upon the earth, which ſeem'd to flame
Like ſulphurous *Etna*, from whoſe bowels came
Whole Regiments of *Spirits* which diſturb'd
The air, whoſe fury hated to be curb'd;
Methoughts they were ambitious to expell
Some *Potentate* and make his ſeat their Hell:
Methoughts at laſt (I ſlumb'ring) ſeem'd to hear
A ſingle voice that whiſper'd in my ear,
Yet thunder'd in my heart which made me grone
At every word; expreſt in ſuch a tone
Which would with great facility have turn'd
A Ticants heart, or elſe conſum'd and burn'd
His breaſt to aſhes, and if language could
Move pity in a flinty ſoul, this would,
He bolted forth his griefs like claps of thunder,
As if each word ſhould cleave a heart in ſunder;
His voice being guarded with a pleaſing force,
I ſacrific'd my ears to his diſcourſe;
Methoughts my ſoul, my very ears were bleſt
In giving audience, *whilſt he thus expreſt.*

Oh

Oh Heaven! oh Earth! how can they chuſe but
To ſee them make *a foot-ball* of a *Crown*? (frow
How long ſhall I be made an aym'd-at-mark
Of pointed *envie*? ſhall *they* make *me* dark
That I made light? and ſhall that light devour
The former principle? Unhappy hour
When my abuſed willingneſſe was made
A Stalk-horſe unto thoſe, who have betray'd
An Iſland unto tyranny; whoſe *Lawes*
Oppreſſe true *Subjects*, and make *me the Cauſe*:
Malitious *age*, and will their *fury* have
My end, untill it ſend me to my grave?
A grave moſt peacefull *Place*, for I'me ſure
There's no *Rebellion*; there I'le reſt ſecure
Where neither grief, nor care, ſhall dare tormen
My ſublime ſoule, there, there lies true content
There, there's the death of ſorrow, and the life
Of Peace, and there's a period to all ſtrife. (tri
There's none can mock my woes, there's none ca
A King, nor make a Garriſon but I.
And what I ſpeak, my ſoule proteſts is true,
I am no ſlave to death but unto you
My ſoul's my Gods, and Tyrants do your worſt
Job's ſoul was free, when's body was accurſt.
But you *blood thirſty Zealots*, learn to know
You never can riſe *high*, if I fall *low*.
I fear no *threats*, let torments all conjoyne
Themſelves, at laſt ye'l find them *yours* not *mine*
Wha

What though I ſuffer here, my *ſufferings* ſhall
Adviſe my *ſoul*; *May they not make you fall?*
Let out my *life*, goe make a ſtreaming *flood*,
And bath your *ſelves* in my diffuſed *blood.*
Let looſe your *furies*, give your *paſſions* breath,
And let them bait my *body* unto *death.*
I am reſolv'd, my heart ſhall flie above
The reach of fear, and view the God of love;
Conſider well, what glory can accrew
From my deſtruction, to ſuch ſoules as you;
Be not too raſh, but know a *cauſe* that's dy'd
In guiltleſſe *blood* cannot be juſtifi'd,
A proſperous *vice* ſhall never claim a right
To perpetuity, 'twill but in right
A totall *ruine*, 'tis a greater *Fame*
To die with *virtue*, than to live with *ſhame:*
You ſeek for *truth*, and yet you go the way
To make the field of *truth* a *Golgotha*;
There is a great *antipathy* between
Faction and *Peace*, and yet my eyes have ſeen
How you (whoſe reſtleſſe ſpirits, ſtill increaſe
With *Faction*) ſeem to ſtudy for a *Peace*;
Do not miſtake, for they that will compoſe
A difference muſt never do't by blowes.
The worſt of Apprehenſions may diſcrie,
You nouriſh *Spiders*, and deſtroy the *Flie.*
Who glories in a *crime* will in concluſion
Receive a *curſe*, and with that curſe, *confuſion*;

I long

I long to be reſolv'd, pray tell me why
Ye think ye cannot *live*, except I die?
Your thoughts are vain, 'twill be a *tainted breath*
That has its derivation from my *death*.
Am I a *Baſilisk*? and can my eyes
Devour you? for you know my body lies
Subject to be deſtroy'd, not to deſtroy
(By taking up of arms) your *Kingly* joy:
But you ſuppoſe, if I ſhould long ſurvive,
I would become laborious, and contrive
Some new deſigns, and with my numerous *forces*
Divert the ſtream of your *unlawfull courſes*,
Make *reaſon* your companion, walk a while,
Conſult together, ſtride not o're the *ſtile*
When as the *gap* lies open, they're unwiſe
That wil'(when they foreſee a harm) deſpiſe
Preventing means; for if you take this *life*
From my enjoyment, ye'le beget a *ſtrife*
That will not end, and when that *ſtrife* is bred;
Then will my *wrongs* ſurvive, though I am *dead*,
And you that caus'd my *guiltleſſe heart* to bleed
Will find *another* to revenge the deed;
Ask Heav'n forgiveneſſe, for ye cannot crave
Leave to abſcond your *crimes* within my Grave,
Be well aſſur'd, that ev'ry drop which parts
Out of my veins, ſhall cleave unto your hearts,
Like tangling *bird-lime*, which will hold you faſt,
And *vengeance* too, ſhall find you out at laſt.

Heav'ns

cav'ns all ſurveying *eye* muſt needs obſerve
our late unpoliſh'd actions, which deſerve
s many torments as th'inraged hand
f *veng'ance* can impoſe, or *Heaven* command,
id I not labour with a ſerious breſt
uring the *Treaty*, to reſtore ſome reſt
o this diſtemper'd *Kingdome* ? But the gales
f *Malice* were oppugnant to my ſails;
y heart was loaded with the large encreaſe
hopeful thoughts, my ſoul was fil'd with *peace*:
ut at the laſt my hopes prov'd uſeleſſe droſſe;
nd then I loſt a *Crown*, and found a *Croſſe*;
av'n hear my wiſh, oh grant I may commence
Doctor in the art of *Patience*!
It matters not how poor my Perſon be
at the laſt I may be crown'd with thee,
hou know'ſt the ſecret corners of my heart
Which is at thy diſpoſing, for thou art
e King of Kings, and unto thee I'le pay
he tribute of my *ſoul* both night and day.
am thy *Subject*, give me grace to ſtand
irmly obedient to thy juſt *command*.
Vhen for my *ſins* I ſhall receive thy *blows*,
h give me power to *ſuffer*, not *oppoſe*!
ardon mine *Enemies* which have been ſtrong,
nd alwayes ſtudious how to do me wrong.
nd though they've vented that which is untrue,
ather forgive, they know not what they do.

They

They hate their *King*, and are not pleas'd with an
O grant, good God, they may not find too *man*
The chiefeſt of their work is to devour;
(*Stones* have uſurpt their *hearts*) as they my *pow*
Againſt the ſound of *Peace*, their *ears* are bar'd
Oh! never ſure was *Pharaoh's* heart ſo hard.
They diſreſpect their *King*; it was not ſo
With *Shadrach*, *Meſhach*, and *Abednego*;
Their tongues hove vilifi'd me oftentimes,
Theſe three were never guilty of ſuch Crimes;
Their hearts had vow'd obedience to their *King*,
And never try'd by force of armes to bring
Their own deſignes to paſs, but their ſubmiſſio
Sent comfort to their ſouls, and much contriti
To him, whoſe more then ſeven times heated *bre*
Did ſoon regreſt what his hot rage expreſt.
But well, ſince thus it is, I'le ſtrive to ſway
The Scepter of my *miſeries*, and lay
A good foundation that my *Foes* may build
Their torments on my *breſt*, which ſhall be fil'd
With true content, I'le labour to ſupport,,
But yet muſt yeild, when death ſhall ſtorm the fo
I cannot ſtart at death, I know it brings
A *finis* to my ancient *griefs*, and ſings
Anthems of Peace: how happy's he that can
Flie to his *God*, and ſcorn the rage of *Man*:
Thunder ye *Sons* of *tyranny*, let rage
Flaſh from your ſulph'rous *ſoul*, ſtrive to ingage

The flames of *Etna* too, and let them dash
Against my *breast*; I'le own them as a flash,
Flatter your souls, prepare your *hands* to do
A *deed* that heav'n will not advise you to.
I pitty you, my heart cannot forbear
To sigh; and *Nature* too commands a tear;
Oh that my *head* (like to a Fountain) could
Furnish my *eyes* with teare, oh then I would
Begin the *morning*: and conclude the *day* (way;
With *Drops*, and wash the black-brow'd *night* a-
Oh let my language whet your dull belief,
'Twas you that fill'd my flowing heart with grief,
And now my Torments more and excell,
Heav'n grant me *breath* enough to bid Farewell
Farewell sad world, that like a bolt of thunder
Hath more than cleft my reaving *heart* in sunder.
Death's nothing like the *sorrow* which I find
Rasing a towre of *woe* within my mind.
Thou *partner* of my *soul*, how can I die,
And leave thee here to weep a Lullaby
To my indulgent *babes*, how can it be,
That I must leave so dear *a Spouse* as thee.
Poor *hearts*, If I must go and leave you all
Confus'd together in the common *hall*
Of this inraged *world*, what will ye do
But mourn for *me*, as I have mourn'd for you
Oh where will you retire your selves, and spend
Your groaning *hours*, oh what regarding *friend*

Will give a minutes *audience*, or relieve
Your pining *wants*, or *moan* to hear you *grieve*?
What Nation will regard, or entertain
(A royall) though a miſerable train;
This is a ſorrow that divides my breſt;
This is a *grief* that cannot be expreſt
Without a fract'ur'd *heart*, this a wound
That makes *confuſion* active to *confound*.
Were it a poſſibility to have
Ten thouſand *Lyons* lodg'd within this *Cave*
(This trunk of mine) they could not more
My heart than this unbounded *diſcontent*;
Should all the *Tyrants* in the world contrive
A way to make a dying *ſoul* ſurvive
With living *pain*, they never could exceed
The *Tyrants* of theſe *Times* in ſuch a deed;
I have been long impriſon'd; and at laſt
Call'd to the *bar*; how ſoon I may be caſt
Heav'n knows, not I, for *they* that were ſo *bold*
To bring me thither, will, if not controll'd,
Force me to *death*, their very *looks* declare
Their *reſolutions*, whilſt their hearts prepare
To ſuck my *veins*; Ah thus they have betray'd
And ſmile to ſee how *glorious* they have made
They ſwell'd like *Mountains*, and at laſt brou
The *Mouſe* of *Reformation*, whoſe worth
Is ſeated in all lofty *brains*, and hurl'd
Through ev'ry *corner* of th' inquiring *world*.

But why ſhould I inſiſt upon your *Crimes*;
May *Heav'n* forgive you, and ſend better *times*:
I know my dayes are ſhort, 'tis therefore meet
To leave this *Crown*, and buy a winding-*ſheet*:
Be gone terreſtriall *pleaſures*, for ye are
But *Goalers* to your *Keepers*, and inſnare
Your fond *believers*, go, my *heart's* no *tombe*
To give you *buriall*, ſeek ſome other *roome*;
Fly then my *ſoul*, but ſtay, what *hand* is this
That ſeems to hold me from my long'd for *bliſs*;
More ſorrows yet, will not th' *Almighty* pleaſe
T'afford my *ſoul* on earth a minutes eaſe,
Oh thou that mak'ſt my *harveſt* full of pains,
Grant that my working *ſoul* may reap the *gains*;
Grief's grown a *Politician* and it keeps
A ſtrong reſerve; what eye is this that weeps
Theſe briny tears into my fluent *heart*,
As if theſe *floods* ſhould drown me e're I part;
What *voice* is this I ſeeem to hear? what tones
Are theſe that laviſh out themſelves in *groans*?
What ails my *thoughts*? what near related breath
Is this that ſeem to breath a ſudden *death*
Into my panting *breaſt*? methinks I hear
A *female voice* cry, muſt I languiſh here?
Hard-hearted *death*, why art thou thus unkind
To take him hence, and leave me here behind
To weep his *obſequies*, draw up thy *bowe*,
And ſend me whether I deſire to go.

Shoot, ſhoot, oh *death*, thou ſhalt not be withſtood
Come, dip thy *arrows* in my crimſon *blood*,
Fear not, let fly, and let thy rovers hide
Their twi-fork'd *heads* within my wounded *ſide*:
Oh *Hear'n*, ſince thou wert pleas'd to joyn our *hands*
And *hearts* together, let thy ſtrict commands
Urge *death* to ſtrike us *both*, that we may fly,
And dedicate our *ſouls* t'eternity;
Alaſſe what *joy*, what *comfort* can accrue
To me when he ſhall bid this world adue,
I liv'd within his *heart*, but ah, if he
Shall quit this *earth*, what *life* remains in me.
Alaſſe ſad *heart*, what canſt thou do but pine;
Never could *grief* be paralel'd with mine;
I am the ſea of *grief*, all ſtreams do tend
Towards me, for ah my *ſorrows* know no end;
The ſturdy winds of *care* and *trouble* blows
Into my *ſoul*, my *Ocean* alwayes flows,
And never *ebbs*, oh miſerable *age*;
How am I made a *ſubject* to their rage,
Whoſe par-boil'd *ſouls* obſerve no other diet
But *Blood*; and ſeem to reſt in our diſquiet:
You all exceeding *Tyrants*. If ye thirſt
For royall *blood*, be pleas'd to take mine firſt.
Mine's but a *draught*, ye'le quickly ſwill it up,
Alas it will not yeild each *ſoul* a ſup;
You are the *fountains* from whoſe breſts do ſpring
The ſtreams of *Murder*, and your *ſouls* can ſing
Nothi

Nothing but bloody *notes*; you can contract
The body of all *mischief*, and enact
What pleases *you*; but will you subjugate
Your legall *King*, whose *patience* is your *hate*;
But if you seek his fatall overthrow,
Ye'le *murder* more than *thousands* at one blow;
But why do I thus lavish breath in vain,
On those whose *fury* hath no ears; refrain
My trembling *tongue*; *Tyrants* I'le leave you here,
And turn my thoughts to *Charls*, whose life's as dear,
To me, as *death* is cheap to you; Alasse
My *heart* is full, I cannot let thee passe
Without a *sigh*, nor can my eyes forbear
To wash thy *sad remembrance* with a *tear*;
Has *Heav'n* decreed it? must we be divided,
Dear *King*; and must our sorrows be derided?
Thou great *Recorder* of my thoughts, to thee
I will resign; command, and I will be
A subject to thy will; Oh let me have
Thy gracious *pardon*, then a speedy *grave*,
For ah what comfort can my wasting breast
Hope to receive, when I am dispossest
Of such a *Joy*, alas where shall I seat
My *heart*; *tears* are my *drinke*, and *sighs* my *meat*;
These pallid *lips* of mine shall never dare
To own a *smile*, I'le live with *grief* and *care*,
Except my *God* will please to take me hence,
And make his glorious *Kingdome* my defence;

Was it not *grief* enough to be abſented
Five *years* from him, whoſe *abſence* was lamented
With reall *drops*, yet then I could obtain
Some hopes to ſee him in his Throne again.
Bet hark! methinks my Fancy ſeems to hear
An air of comfort breathing in my *ear*,
It is the voice of *Charles*, whoſe pleaſing breath
Seems to advance me from the ſhades of *death*:
Methinks I hear his language which diſtills
Out from the *Limbeck* of his *ſoul*, and fills
My pining *heart* with a triumphing joy,
His *voice* revives me, but his *words* deſtroy,
He thus proceeds;---Oh thou that art the *vine*
Which twiſts about this twining *heart* of mine,
Approach my *preſence* and I will declare
How great my *ſufferings* and my *comforts* are:
Firſt I was toſt, and banded to and fro
From place to place, permitted not to go
Without a guard, a guard that did pretend
Rather to act a *murder*, than defend:
Then was I hurried to that fatall *place*
Of *London*, where I know I muſt uncaſe
My willing *ſoul*, which ſhall rejoyce when they
That are my *Judges* ſhall preſume to lay
Their accuſations on me, and declare
My new-coyn'd *faults* with their pretended *care*,
And to advance their *plots*, they firſt inferre
I am a *Tyrant*, and a *Murderer*,

Nay

Nay, and a *Traytor* too; if ſo it be
That I'm a *Tirant*, where's my *Tiranny*?
Or if a *Murderer* I here require (fire.
To know whoſe blood it was that quench'd my
Suppoſe (but Heav'n forbid) it ſhould be true,
It was againſt my *God* I ſinn'd not *you*,
Oh what an *age* is this, where ſeeming *Reaſon*
Pretends to make me *Traytor* without *Treaſon*:
Death, come, and welcome to my *heart*, I know
That my *Redeemer* lives, and that I ow
A debt to *Nature*, which cannot be pay'd
Till theſe condemned *corps* of mine are lay'd;
Now *grief* be gone, and let my *comforts* take
Poſſeſſion of my *ſoul*, awake, awake
My ſlumbring *ſenſes*, I'l triumph and ſing
For I have *found*, that Death hath *loſt* her ſting;
My *ſoul* informs me, that I muſt lay down
This *Mortall* for a true *immortall* Crown,
I'm raviſh'd with *delight*, methinks I have
A *Heav'n* within my boſome, to inſlave
The *Hell* of torments; grief muſt ſtand aloof
Not daring to approach within my roof;
The pleaſures of this *world* do ſeem to run,
And fly (like miſts) before the morning *Sun*,
They're all but tranſitory, and can lay
No claim to perpetuity, to day
They ſeem like *meſſengers* of Joy; to morrow
They prove ſad *Heraulds*, and proclaim a ſorrow,

As for the joyes of *Heav'n* they far surmount
My souls *Arithmetick*, I cannot count
Those numerous *delights*, which alwayes be
Attendants to the *souls* eternity:
Thou great *Redeemer*, to whose sacred power
I now addresse my self, my long'd for *hour*
Is almost come, there's but a little blase
Re mains behind, and yet methinks my dayes
Seem tedious to my *soul*; I long to throw
This *burden* down, that presseth me below,
But since thy pleasure must be done, not mine,
Call when thou pleaseſt; for my *soul* is thine;
I'le not resist thy *hand*, but kiss thy *rod*,
I am the *Creature*, thou my gracious *God*:
Come my indulgent *Joyes*, and let my breath
Inhabit in your *ears* before my death.
Thou *Consort* of my heart, why dost thou waste
Those pearly *drops*, why do they make such haſt
To leave the sweet possessions of thy *eyes*,
What wilt thou make a watry *Sacrifice?*
Oh do not weep, *Heav'n* is not pleas'd to see
Those gliding streams, which trickle down for me
My tender *babes*, oh why do you stand by
And imitate your *Mothers* stormy eye,
R strain those tears; for every drop you shed
Falls on my moyst'ned *heart*, and there hath bred
A brim fill'd *fountain*, which at last will drownd
My *heart*, and give your *selves* the greatest wound

Le

Let not, oh let uot, your ſad *eyes* expreſſe
So great a *ſorrow* for my happineſſe;
Chear up, chear up, dear *ſouls*, and learn to keep
Thoſe tears, or weep, to ſee your *Mother* weep,
Weep not for me, I'm going to receive
A laſting *Crown*, oh leave (for heav'ns ſake) leave
Thoſe heart-infringing *groans* why do ye vex
My *Heav'n* deſiring *ſoul*, and thus perplex
Your penſive *hearts*, forbear, and be appeas'd,
Be not *diſpleaſed* with what Heav'n is *pleas'd*;
Oh how can ye expect that he'l fulfill
Your large *deſires*, if thus you thwart his will;
Come ſmile upon me, and that ſmile will give
My *heart* a great incouragement to live
Death's but a ſpeedy paſſage from this *life*
Unto a better, and concludes all ſtrife
Between this World and us, whilſt here we draw
Corrupted *air*, we're ſubject to the *law*
Of *griefe* and *care*, which daily circumvents
Diſcordious *hearts* with griping diſcontents
Be not dejected at my *death*, but rather
Rejoyce to think that *heav'n* will be your *father*
Comfort your wofull *mother* that hath been
A careſull *Parent*, and my loyall *Queen*;
Give her that full *Obedience* which is due,
And *heav'n* will be affectionate to *you*.
Oh let the fear of *God* be alwayes plac'd
Before your eyes; Let *vertue* be imbrac'd;

What

What ere ye do, be careſull to reſerve
A ſpotleſſe *mind*, which will at laſt preſerve
Your Heav'n-bred *ſouls*, let not your *furies* rage
Into *revenge*, but labour to aſſwage
The flames of *anger*, let them not aſpire
Beyond your reach: *Paſſion's the worſt of fire.*
Be not too much addicted to the hate
Of *any*, but be wiſely *moderate*,
And when your *hands* begin to undertake
A conſequentiall *work*, be ſure t'awake
Your ſlumb'ring *reaſons*, labour to adviſe
With *Heav'n* and he will crown your *enterpriſe*
With full ſucceſſe, and if yonr *foes* ſhould chance
To gain the day, permit your thoughts to glance
Upon your private *Crimes*, and learn to know
Th'effect can never abſolutely ſhow
The juſtneſſe of a *cauſe*, for oftentimes
Juſt Heav'n is pleas'd to puniſh private *Crimes*
With publick *means*; God knows my *cauſe* was juſt,
And yet he lai'd my *Armies* in the duſt:
Shall I repine, becauſe I dayly ſee
My *foes* prevail, and triumph over me,
No, no, I will nor, they ſhall *live* to *die*,
When I ſhall *dye* to *live* and glorifie
The *Generall* of Heav'n, within whoſe *Tent*
I hope to reſt, where *Time* will ne're be ſent.
But now, ah now, theſe *lips* muſt bid *farewell*,
Methinks I hear, (Deaths Orator) the *Bell*

Plead

Plead for an *iſſue*, and I muſt not ſtay,
Death comes in haſt, and I muſt poſt away.
Come then my tender *Babes*, and deareſt *Spouſe*,
Thou that were alwayes conſtant to my *vows*)
And let theſe ſhort-liv'd *arms* of mine incloſe
You all together e're I do repoſe
My earth defatigated *limbs*; forbear
To drench my *farewell* in ſo large a *tear*;
My dear *Relations*, if my waſting *glaſſe*
Afford no *ſand*, I muſt be gone; Alaſſe
Tears cannot hold my *ſoul*, and who may have
More priviledge to *take*, than he that *gave*;
My *Journey's* almoſt ended, and I muſt
Take up an *Inn*, and lodge my ſelf in *duſt*
Then ſhine upon me with the beams of *mirth*
That I may ſay, I ſaw a *Heav'n* on *earth*,
A pleaſing *ſmile* or *two* will make me know
No pain in *death*, but if in *tears* you flow,
Oh then——

——But know, my *deareſt*, Heav'n will be
A fitter *husband* for thee far than *me*.
Thou need'ſt not fear thy *foes* contriving *harms*,
They cannot keep thee from his folding *arms*,
As they have done from *mine*: oh may we meet,
I dare not ſay, within a *winding-ſheet*;
For I am ſure thoſe weeping *babes* will miſs
Th'unwelcome *abſence* of ſo great a *bliſſe*:

But

But when my *husband* heav'n ſhall pleaſe to bring
Thy *ſoul* into his *Quire*, oh then we'l ſing
Prolonged *Anthems*, where we ſhall combine
Our *ſouls* together, in a place *divine*;
Till then --- oh why, why does thy trembling *ha*
Freeze within *mine*? Ah me, why doſt thou ſta
And gaze upon me? Are thy *veins* afraid
To entertain thy *blood*? has *grief* betray'd
Thy fainting heart to *death*? wilt thou precede
My reſolutions? give me leave to lead
The way to *heav'n*; Alaſſe and wilt thou die
Becauſe I cannot *live*? caſt back thine *eye*
Upon thy Royall *Iſſue*, do but ſee
How faſt their *ſighs* do ſail in *tears* to thee,
Oh let the ſight of them revive thy *heart*,
Chear up, and give me courage to depart;
For they that die becauſe another dies,
Uſurp a death, and mak[illegible]es a prize;
Do not, oh do not thus torment thy *ſoul*
For my *departure*, if you muſt condole,
Condole my *ſtay*, my *ſoul* deſires to be
Diſſolv'd (indulgent God) and reſt with thee.
A bed of *Roſes*, that's a fading ſweet,
Oh ther's no comfort to a winding *ſheet*,
A *Grave*'s the beſt of *Palaces*, for there
Is neither whining *grief*, nor pining *care*:
Why ſhould we ſcorn this *earth* that entertains
Our wearied *bones*, and hides us from our *pains*:

Earth

Earth is a place of *worth*, yet would I have
Not any dote upon't, but for a *grave*;
Now death march bravely on, and let thy *dart*
Sing as it flies unto my obvious *heart*,
What? art thou daunted? doſt thou fear to kill
Becauſe I am a *King*? what? daunted ſtill?
Why doſt thou *look* ſo *pale*? what? art thou charm'd
By *Majeſty*: or has thy *ſelfe* diſarm'd
Thy *ſelf*, or elſe art thou aſham'd to do
So foul a *deed*, or wilt thou not imbrew
Thy *ſhaft* in Royall *blood*? Come lay aſide
Thy *fear* and *ſhoot*, or elſe my *foes* will *chide*:
But hold a while (nor do I bid thee ſtay,
Becauſe my *ſoul*'s deſirous of delay)
Once more thou ſole *Commandereſſe* of my *breaſt*,
Draw near before I fall into my *reſt*;
Approach unto me, let theſe *lips* of mine
Intail a *farewell* on thoſe *cheeks* of thine.
Weep not, but let thy tender *knees* ſalute
The *ground* with *mine*, let's labour to confute
Our *ſorrows* with our *pray'rs*, and recommend
Our *ſouls* to *heav'n*, whoſe *glory* knows no *end*;
Thou *great*, thou *glorious*, thou all-ruling *King*,
Thou *rock*, thou *fountain*, thou eternall *ſpring*
Of *Grace*; we that are cloathed with the *night*
Of *ſin*, preſent our *ſelves* into thy *ſight*,
And with unfained *hearts* devoutly pray
That thou wouldſt ſend thy *Son* to chaſe away

Our

Our ſoul-abſconding *clouds*, that thou mayſt take
A pleaſure to behold us, for his ſake
We beg this needfull grace, in whom we know
Thou art well-pleaſed, and to whom we ow
A debt unpayable, oh therefore let
Thy ſatisfying *mercy* pay our *debt*;
Oh hear our *prayers*, which ſtrongly do importun
Thy gracious *pardon*, though it was our fortune
To be unfortunate, yet let us be
Indulgent *Father*, fortunate with *thee*,
Forgive our youthfull *ſins*, and ſpeak ſome *peace*
Unto our *ſouls*, and as our *ſins* encreaſe,
So let thy *mercy*, more, and more abound,
That having *loſt* our ſins, thou may'ſt be found;
Heal our *back-ſlidings*, guide us in thy way,
That ſo our feet may never go aſtray,
Oh *bleſſe* theſe *bleſſings*, with thy bleſſed *hand*
Beſtow'd upon me, let them fill the Land
With good *examples*, guard them from their *foes*,
And ſend them *patience*, when thou ſend'ſt the
Hear *me* for *them*, oh God, and *them* for *me* (woe
And hear our *Saviour* for us *all*, and be
A *Father*, and a *Husband* to them all,
And let me *riſe* in *mercy* when I *fall*;
Strengthen their *ſouls*, and teach them to renue
Their *patience*, when my *ſoul* ſhall bid adue
To this infatuated *world*, oh let
Their *hearts* ſeclude all *grief*, for 'tis a debt

That

That muſt be *pay'd*, let thy *exchequer* take
Such ill- coyn'd *treaſure*, as my *ſoul* can make,
Oh grant (dear Father) this my great *requeſt*,
Then take me when thou pleaſeſt to thy *reſt*:
So; now my *Joyes* be chearfull, let's create
A heav'nly *mirth*, and let our *ſorrows* wait
Upon our *pleaſures*, let our watchfull *eyes*,
Obſerve our *Makers* great *immunities*.
Let's firſt obſerve how his free *hand* provided
For us before we were, how he divided
The *water* from the *land*, and made it dry
To entertain our *feet*, and made the *skie*
To give us *light* and afterwards he made
Poor helpleſs *Man*, that ſuddenly betray'd
Himſelf to *ruine*, and by deviation,
Abus'd the *glory* of his free *Creation*.
But ſee the bounty of our *God* above,
Who quickly turn'd his *fury* into *love*,
And ſend a ſpeedy *balſome* to make ſound
The deadly *anguiſh* of ſo deep a *wound*;
And ſhall we be *ungratefull*? Shall we not
Remember *him* that never yet forgot
To pitty *us*, and ſhall we waſt our *dayes*
In vain *contentions*, and not give him *praiſe*
That gave us his own *Son*? whoſe willing *breath*
Redeem'd our *ſouls* from everlaſting *death*.
Alas how miſerable had we been,
Had his ſpontanious *death* not ſtept between

Veng'ance

Veng'ance, and *us*, and ſhall we then deny
What he *requires*, if he command that *I*
Retire unto *him*, ſhall my *ſoul* refuſe
To run unto him, and imbrace the *news*,
Oh no, it muſt not, he's accurſt that ſhall
Deſire to *ſtay*, if *heav'n* be pleas'd to call.
Death has no *eares* to hear *complaints*, 'tis vain
To weep for *that* which *teares* cannot regain:
You my ſad *ſtanders* by, when *death* ſhall ſend
A *Meſſage* to my *heart*, forbear to ſpend
Offenſive *teares*, but rather *joy* that I
Am gone before you to *Eternity*,
Where now methinks I ſee you *all*, and hear
The lofty *Seraphims* ſalute my ear
With heav'n bred *raptures*, which does ev'n woe
My *ſoul* out of my *ears*, I long to goe,
And fill my ſelfe with *melody*, and ſing
Perpetuall *Hallelujahs* to my *King*.
So; now my waſting *lamp* begins to blaſe,
Come *death* and put a period to my *dayes*,
Let out my *life*, that I may fly unto
My *God*, and bid this loathed *world* adieu:
Adieu vain *pleaſures* of unconſtant *earth*,
Adieu falſe *Joyes*, and world-derived *mirth*:
My deare *Relations* I muſt now expreſſe
A farewell to you *all*, and then addreſſe
My *ſelf* to *heav'n*, within whoſe *Courts* I ſhall
(My ſoul now tells me) ſhortly meet you *all*.

Til

Till then enjoy what *Heav'n* ſhall pleaſe to give,
And rather ſtudy how to *dye* than *live*;
Make uſe of *time*, and languiſh not in vain
Thoſe *hours*, which cannot be recall'd again,
Comfort each other, and if *fortune* frown,
Smile at your *fortune*, lay your *ſorrows* down
Before the face of *Heav'n*, and hee'l relieve
Your pining *wants*; oh let your hearts not grieve
For *food* and *rament*, labour to be true,
And he that *feeds* the *Ravens* will feed *you*.
Oh let your morning *thoughts* be ſure to mount
To *Heav'ns* high *Alter*, give him an account
Of all your *Actions*, they which every day
Make their accounts to *God* prepare a way
To go to *Heav'n*, but *time* will give me leave
T'expreſſe no more, my ſoul begins to cleave
Unto a bleſt *eternity*, my *heart*
Declares unto *me*, that I muſt depart;
Time whets his Sithe: oh do not ring my *Knell*
With ſighs and ſobs, farewell my joyes, farewell.
So now the *Load ſtone* of this *world* ſhall have
No art t'attract my *ſoul*, I'le not enſlave
My ſelfe to *earth*, ſhall tranſitory *toyes*?
Surrept my *ſoul* from heav'ns eternall *joyes*?
Oh no, they ſhall not; now I'le dedicate
My *ſelfe* to thee (my God) who didſt create
Both *ſoul* and *body*; thou that know'ſt the thoughts
And *hearts* of *Kings*, and numerates their *faults*;

Pardon what I have done amisse to *thee*,
Forgive my *enemies*; Thou know'st I'm free
From what I *suffer* for, thou know'st my *hands*
Are *clear* from *blood*, thou know'st that my *commands*
Were not tyrannical, thou know'st my breft
Was never stain'd with Treason: My requeft
Oh God is this; that thou would'st make them know
(And timely feel) what a moft wilful blow
They've given to their Conſciences; oh turn
Their flaming hearts to thee, which daily burn
Againſt thy ſervants, cauſe them to relent;
And let their griefs induce them to repent,
Be merciſull to them as they were cruell
To me and mine, oh quench the blazing fuell
Of their deſires, give them not their deſerts,
But waſh my blood from their unfountain'd hearts
And as for me preſented to thy eyes
Suppos'd (as atoning Sacrifice)
By them whoſe ſev'n years malice have contriv'd
My downfall when my body is diſſliv'd,
Receive my ſoul into thy glorious Tent,
And mak't a member of thy Parliament:
Now farewell World, and dirt-compoſed Crowns
Farewell earths ſmiles, and fortunes ſurly frowns

Farewell to you that thus my life expell,
Oh may my farewell, make you all farewell.

Reade

Reader, the ſound of *death* hath made me ſtart
Out of my *ſlumbers*, and my wak'ned heart
Trembles within me: Oh what ſhall we doe?
Oh may I never *dream* to *dream* thus true;
But ſince 'tis ſo, (kind Reader) let thy *eye*
Survay the paths of his ſad *Elegie*,
Laviſh not out your *tears* too faſt, but keep
A ſtrong *reſerve*, your *eyes* muſt *bleed* or *weep*,
Till then adieu, and when I meet thee there,
Reader, aſſure thy ſelfe, I'le ſpend a tear.

AN

ELEGY

UPON

That never to be forgotten

CHARLES,

THE FIRST.

WHAT, do I dream, or does my *fancy* ſcatter
Into my various *minde* a real matter?
What ayls my *thoughts?* what uncorrected *paſſion*
Is this, that puts my *Senſes* out of faſhion?
Where am I hurried; what ſanguinious *place*
Is this I breath in, garniſh'd with *diſgrace*;
Why; what's the reaſon that my *eyes* behold
Theſe waves of *blood?* does the *red ſea* infold
My ſhivering *body*, oh what ſtormy weather
Was that which violently toſt me hither;
Where am I now? what rubicundus *light*
Is this? that bloodies my amazed ſight?

Wha

What *Reformation*'s this that's newly bred,
And turns my *White* into so deep a *Red.*
Awake my *fancy*, come, delude no more,
Say, are my *feet* upon the *Enlish shore?*
Are not these are usurping thoughts that reign
Within the Ringdome of a troubled brain:
If this be *England*, oh what alteration
Is lately bred within so blest a *Nation*;
My soul is now assured; for I see
Those lofty structures where mild Majesty
Did once reside; abounding with a *flood* (*blood.*
That swels (and almost moats them round) with
England, sad object, that wer't lately crown'd
With a most glorious *Prince*; how art thou drown'd
In Royall *blood*? was not thy *master-vein*
Open'd of late, ah who can stop't again?
Look round about thee, and thou shalt discry
How ev'ry *face* inports an *Elegie.*
Review thy selfe, see how thou art ingrain'd
With guiltlesse *blood*? was ever *Land* so stain'd?
Needs must your hearts expect a cloudy *night*
Now *Sol* is set, and *Cynthia* wants her light:
And dost thou think, O *England* to immure
Thy self in *blood*, and alwayes rest secure?
Oh no assure thy self there is a hand,
That rules *above*, which will correct thy *Land*:
Be well advis'd, oh Nation, learn to know,
That language cannot ebb, when blood shall flow,

All *hearts*, all *eyes*, all *hands*, all *tongues*, all *Quills*
Will *thinke*, will *weep*, will *write*, & *ſpeak* their *wills*,
I'le not invoke, this ſubject will invite
Th'obdureſt hearts, and teach that pen to write,
Which never fram'd a Letter, and infuſe
The ſeed of life into a barren *Muſe*:
Thou Great *inſtructer*, teach me to diſtill
An *Eagles* vertues with an *Eagles* quill:
Rais'd by a *fall*, my *Muſe* begins to ſing
The melancholly fare wells of a *Ling*.
And is he gone, did not the dolefull *Bells*
Diſſolve, when as they told his ſad *Farewells*.
If he be gone? what language can there be
Remaining in this *land*, except, *Ah me*.
Ah me, Alas, how is this *realm* unbleſt
In ſuch a loſſe? —— I cannot ſpeak the reſt:
My *heart* is full of *arrows* ſhot of late
From the ſtiffe *bow* of a commanding *State*.
Each wound is *mortall*, yet in ſpight of *pain*,
I'le pull them out, and ſhoot them back again;
And when my *tongue* ſhall empty out my *heart*,
Let *death* ſurprize me with a ſingle *dart*,
I'le ſtrive t'outface *rebellion*; and my eyes
Shall ſcorn all new invented *Tyrannies*.
Sorrow will not be tongue ty'd, *tides* muſt run
Their uſuall *courſes*, till their ſtrength is done:
I have a ſtream of *grief* within my breſt,
That tumbles up and down, and cannot reſt;

I am

I am rſeolv'd (let death diſſwade) to ſpeak
What *Reaſon* dictates, or my *heart* muſt break,
I'le mount the *ſtage*, let *ſtanders* by behold
My *actions*, for my *ſorrows* muſt be bold:
I fear not *thoſe*, whoſe *powers* may controll
The language of my *tongue*, but not my *ſoul*;
Advance dejected *ſoul*, hear *reaſon* call,
Let not the truth be paſſive, though we fall.
B'uſh not to own thoſe *tears*, which you have ſpent
In *private* for a *Publick* diſcontent;
Let not your *tongues* be Pris'ners to your *lips*,
When *Juſtice* calls, oh let not *fear* eclipſe
The light of *truth*, rouſe up your ſelves, draw near
When Juſtice finds a tongue, find you an ear.
The *day's* expir'd, bright *Sol* hath drawn his head
Within the curtains of his *Tethean* bed,
Where ſhall we hide our ſlumbring *ſouls*, and lay
O r wearied *limbs*, till he renews the day?
A day! alas, have not our wretched eyes
Seen a great *fall*, can we expect a *Riſe*?
Should *Heav'n* (who juſtly may) command his
T'expell his *light*, as we have lately *ours*, (pow'r's
What ſhall we doe? Where ſhould we find a *ſun*
That have by too much doing quite undone
Our wilful *ſelves*? by ſnuffing out that *light*
Which he inſpir'd, to guard us from the night
Of ſad *confuſion*; Ah how could we ſpoil
So pure a *lamp*, and ſo uſurp that *oil*

Which was ordain'd to nourish us? We run
To light a *Candle*, and put out the *Sun*;
In vain we waste our times, and range about
To look for new lights now the old light's out,
We seek; and we may find, but heav'n knows when
Old lights were made by *God*, and *new* by *men*.
Shake *England*, for thy *Grand Upholder's* down,
Thy *feet* have lately spurn'd against thy *Crown*,
Thy *hands* are daub'd with *blood*, one *ruine* calls
An *other* to the others *funeralls*:
Destruction thunders, and the *earth* is fill'd
With dolefull *echoes*; blood that hath been spill'd
By unjust *hands* (like Seas) begin to roar,
As if 'twould take revenge upon the *shoar*:
The whistling *woods*, and their subjected *springs*
Sends forth Elogious *blasts*, each corner rings
With unaccustom'd *sounds*; all things expresse
(By their prognosticating looks) unhappinesse;
Deploring *Philomel* does now repeat
Contristed *notes* upon her *Thorny seat*,
She has forgot those sweet nocturnall *notes*,
Which lately charm'd all *sorrow*, now she dotes
Upon her wofull, her prolixed *tones*,
And finds no *sweetnesse* in her *bitter* groans.
The *Commons* of the *air* conspire to throw
Their *Soveraign* down, and will not fly so low
As formerly; but are resolv'd to be
Oppugnant to the *Eagles Majesty*.

How

How pregnant is Rebellion every where,
Not onely here on earth, but in the aire?
Can *thunder* roar, and not the lofty ſound
Be heard? can *Cedars* fall unto the ground,
And not be ſeen? can *Mountains* ſhrink away
And not obſerv'd? or can their be a *day*
Without a *Sun*, or can there be a *night*
Without ſome *darkneſſe?* can there be a *light*
Put out unwanted? or can *murther* be
Committed upon ſacred *Majeſty*,
And not lamented? ſure no humane *heart*
Can be ſo *brazen*, as not to impart.
Some *ſorrow* to the *world* for ſuch a loſſe,
When gold is gone, how uſeleſſe is the droſſe:
Now mournfull *Muſes* light your *Torches* all,
T'attend your *glory* to his Funerall;
Shall your *Mecenas* dye, and you ſtand ſtill,
And not appear upon *Parnaſſus* hill?
Away, away, invoke *Apolloes* aid,
Tell him that your *Mecenas* was betray'd
To an unlawfull *death*, and you deſire
To ſacrifice a *verſe*; And then retire:
Could I tranſlate my *heart* into a *verſe*,
I'de pin it with my *ſoul* upon his *herſe*.
Could I command the *world*, I'de make it burn
Like a pure *lamp* upon his ſacred *Urn*:
Could I command all *eyes*, I'de have them make
(As a memoriall for Great *Charles* his ſake)

A *ſea* of tears that after-*ages* may
Lament to ſee, but not lament to ſay,
He di'd without a *teer*; and it ſhould be
Call'd the ſalt *ſea* of flowing *Loyalty*:
Could I command all *hearts*, I'de make them ſpend
Some drops of *blood* upon his *tomb*, and ſend
Millions of *ſighs* to Heav'n, that may expreſſe
His death was *Englands* great unhappineſſe;
Could I command all *tongues*, I'de make them run
Diviſion on his *praiſe*, till *time* were done;
Could I command all *hands*, I'de ſtrike them dead,
Becauſe they ſhould not riſe againſt their *head*.
Could I command all *feet*, I'de make them go,
And give the *Son* that duty which they owe
To his deſerts ———

I'm in a *deſart*, and I know not where
To guide my ſteps, that path which ſeems moſt fair
Proves moſt pernicious to me, and will lend
My feet a good *beginning*, but no *end*.
Great *Charles*, oh happy word, but what's the next
(Bad's th'application of ſo good a *Text*)
Is dead; moſt killing word; what is he dead?
Nay more, (if more may be) hee's murthered:
Ah then my thoughts are murther'd my ſad eyes
Shall never ceaſe to weep his Obſequies:
I'de turn this *place* into a bubbling *ſpring*
Of briny tears; and then I'le freely bring

A

A Sacrifice to *ſorrow*, which ſhall be
A flaming *heart* that's crown'd with *Loyalty*:
Now could I ſpend an age in thoughts and tyre
The night with *ſighs*, methinks I could inſpire
Sorrow it ſelfe, and teach it to proclaim
What ruine waits upon our new bred-bred *flame*:
But 'tis in vain, perſwaſions have no power
On them, whoſe *reſolutions* can devour
Both Law and *Reaſon*, two moſt horrid *Crimes*
In theſe perniceous, theſe contentious *Times*:
Come then my thoughts, and let us ruminate
Upon our *ſorrowes*; oh unhappy *Fate*,
Why diſt thou ſnuffe our *Charles* his royall *blaze*
In the *Aurora* of his well ſpent dayes?
But 'tis in vain to blame thee, for thy hand
Cannot refrain to ſtrike if *God* command;
Heav'n ſaw he was too *good* to be enjoy'd
By us; but not too *good* to be deſtroy'd
For his own *glory*; Let's rejoyce, we had
So good a *King*; but grieve, to think how bad
We us'd his *goodneſſe*; We may juſtly ſay,
He gave in *mercy* what he took away
In *Judgement*, for his own commands appointed
We ſhould not *touch* (much more ſlay) his *anointed*,
And yet we have (as if our hearts had ſworn
To contradict his will) abus'd and torn
His own *Vicegerent*, to whoſe thriving *hand*
He gave the *Scepter* of a glorious *Land*;

But

But now (unhappy Land) thy glorie's fled,
Thy *Crown* is fallen, and thy *Charles* is dead;
Go then, deplore thy ſelfe, whilſt others ſing
The living *vertues* of thy martyr'd *King*;
His glory ſhall ſurvive with *Fame*, when they
Shall lye forgotten in a heap of *Clay*
That were the *Authors* of his *death*, their bones
Shall turn to *aſhes*, as their hearts are *ſtones*:
But did my *tongue* expreſſe that they ſhould be
Forgot; oh no, their long liv'd *Tyranny*
Shall be *perpetuall*, hark, misfortune ſings
The worſt of Tyrants kil'd the beſt of Kings.
He was the beſt; what impious *tongue* ſhall dare
To contradict my language or impare
His living *worth*, and they that go about
To blaſt his *Fame*, oh may their *tongues* drop out.
Pardon oh *Heav'n*, if paſſion make me break
Into extreams, who can forbear to ſpeak
In ſuch a lawful *cauſe*? may we not claim
A priviledge to ſpeak in *Charles* his name.
Is any timerous? then let them keep
Their language, and reſerve to weep:
Is any joyfull? let them keep their mirth
To pleaſe the *Tyrants* of this groaning *earth*.
Is any *ſorry?* let them keep their *grief*
Till *heav'n* ſhall pleaſe to ſend their *ſouls* relief;
Did ever *Iſland* find ſo great a *loſſe?*
Was ever *Nation* crown'd with ſuch a *croſſe?*

Could

Could ever *Kingdome* boast they had a *Prince*
That could be more *laborious* to convince
The *errours* of his *times*, or contradict
The dictates of his *rage*, or be more strict
In his *Devotions*, ne're did *Prince* inherit
So rich a *Crown*, with so inrich'd a *spirit*.
He was the best of *conquerours*; he made
Conquests of *hearts*, although he was be tray'd
By some inferiour *spirits* which he found
Had lately started from the lowly *ground*,
And were not worth a *conquest*; yet he gave
Them more *respects*, than their *deserts* could crave.
None could *observe* during the time he stood
Before his *Pilates*, that his Royall *blood*
Mov'd into *fury*, but his *heart* was prone
To hear their *speeches*, and retort his *own*;
But when they found his *language* did increase
With *sense*, he was desir'd to hold his *peace*:
And some related that their *furies* bred,
Because his *hat* inclos'd his Royall *head*.
Good God what times are these when Subjects dare
Presume to make their Soveraigne stand bare;
And when they sent him from their new made *place*
Of *Justice*, basely *spit* upon his *face*,
But he, whose *patience* could admit no date,
Conquer'd their *envies*, and subdu'd their *hate*.
Ah who could blame our *Soveraigne* to decline
Their *wayes*, and say, *was ever grief like mine*?

First

Firſt when his *feet* approach'dint o the *Hall*,
The ill tun'd *tongues* of *Sycophants* would call
Aloud for *Juſtice*, though they never knew
What *Juſtice* was, yet ſtill they would renew
Their moſt *confounding*, and *diſcordious* notes,
And baul for *Juſtice* with their ſluce-like *throats*
But he that *Lamb* of Patience, never vented
A word of *anger*, but with ſpeed prevented
Their louder *cryes*, and with a pleaſing *breath*
Reply'd; if *Juſtice* can be gain'd by *death*,
Ye ſhall not want it, onely be content,
Ye may as ſoon indeavour to *repent*,
As now ye do to ſpill my *blood*; adviſe,
Your *ſoules* will ſuffer for you froward *cryes*;
Having thus ſpoke immediately he ſtept
Unto the *barre*, where for a time he kept
Himſelfe in *ſilence*, like a *ſun* he ſhin'd
Amongſt thoſe gloomy *clouds* which had combin'd
Themſelves together, plotting to diſgrace
His orient *luſtre*, and impal'd his *face*;
And with a thundring *voice*, they firſt ſalute
His *ears* with *Tyrant*, Traytor, and impute
Murder unto him, with a pleaſing ſmile
He look'd upon *them*, and alitt'e while
He made a *pauſe*; but by and by, he broke
His ſilent *lips*, and moderately ſpoke
To this *effect*, may I deſire to know
From whence this great *authority* doth flow

That

That you pretend to act by? if it be
Derivative; I shall desire to see,
And know from *whom*, till then I shall deny
To give my *tongue* a *licence* to reply:
You are our *Pris'ner* Sir, you ought not to
Demand what your appointed *Judges* do,
For our *Authority*, 'tis known at large
Unto our *selves*; pray answer to your *Charge*,
Or else we shall proceed. I thought t'ave seen
My *Lords* and *Peers* together, that had been
A means to make my fading *hopes* renew,
For most of them I know, but none of *you*.
As for my *Charge*, I own it as a thing
Of small concernment as I am a King
You cannot try me, what your new made *Laws*
May do I know not, have a care and pause
Before you act in *blood*, strive to convince
Your stubborn *hearts*, and know I am your *Prince*;
Y'are but abortive *Judges*, have a care,
Ye made be tangled in your own made *snare*:
Proceed; ye can but throw me to the *earth*,
They which *parturiate* needs must own the *birth*,
God knows my *heart*, 'tis not my *life*, that I
Account of; but my Subjects *Liberty*,
That's all that I desire; —— Sir now we must
A little interrupt you, 'tis unjust
A *Pris'ner* (as you are) should be allow'd
So great a *priviledge*; y'ave disavow'd

Our

Our known *Authority*, and make a ſport
Of reall *Juſtice*, and affront the Court;
Feed not your guilty heart with ſuch delay,
Waſt no more time, for *Juſtice* will not ſtay?
Pray give me leave to ſpeak, Great *Charles* reply'd,
You o ight not Sir to ſpeak, we're ſatisfi'd
Already of your *guilt*, you muſt prepare
To hear your *Sentence*, and you muſt forbear
Your *vain* and weak *diſcourſes*: Is it ſo,
He then reply'd; that I am forc'd to go
Away vnheard; Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of *death* can daunt my *breaſt*, ye may rejoyce
At my *deſtruction*, though you have no *ear*
To entertain my language, heav'n will hear.
Take notice *people*; that your *King*'s deny'd
To ſpeak: *was ever Juſtice rul'd by Pride?*
Thus having laid the *burthen* of their *ſpight*
Upon his *head*, they ſent him from their ſight;
But *he* (that was inſpir'd by *heav'n*) did ſhow
A *countenance* that did import their *woe*,
More than a *ſorrow* for his *death*, his face
Was dy'd with *honour*, their's with foul *diſgrace*,
His *patience* was their *paſſions*, and they found
His *mind* a *Kingdome* where his *heart* was crown'd
With conſtant *love*, oh that I could rehearſe
His living *vertues* with a living *verſe*:
But now my *Pen* muſt leave *him* for a time,
And dwell upon the *mountains* of that *crime*,

Which

Which they committed, put a *King* to death!
Oh horrid *action!* what venemous *breath*
Pronounc'd that fatall *Sentence*? may it live
To poyson *Scorpions*, and not dare to give
The leaſt of ſounds to any humane *ear*;
Sure he was *deaf* himſelf and could not hear
The cadence of his *language*, for the ſound
Had been ſufficient to inflict a *wound*
Within his marble *heart*; oh ſuch a deed (*bleed*
Stabs Kingdomes to the *hearts*, and make them
Themſelves to *death*; to loſe ſo good a *King*
By ſuch baſe means, will prove a viperous *ſting*
To this deteſted Land;——

——If *Kings* tranſgreſſe,
And prove *Tirannycall*, we muſt addreſſe
Our ſelves to *heav'n*, and by our *Prayers* deſire
Th'aſſiſtance of his *mercy* to inſpire
Our *ſouls* with true *obedience*, that we may
Strengthen our *ſelves*, and *paſſively* obey
What *actively* we cannot; for *Kings* reign
By *God*, we therefore ought not to maintain
Our *rage* againſt *them*: he that ſhall controul,
The *actions* of a King, burthens his ſoul
With a moſt ponderous *crime*; If to ſuppoſe
But *Ill* of *Kings* be ſin, oh how have thoſe (made
Tranſgreſs'd that have deſtroy'd their *King* and
Him *ſubject* to bad *ſubjects* that betray'd

Their *ſouls* to *Tyranny*: Oh Heav'n forgive
What they have done, and let their *ſorrows* live
Within their *ſouls*; oh make them to behold
Their *errors*; let not *Conqueſt* make them bold.
Here ſtop my *Muſe*, let's labour to accoſt
Our former glory, *Charles*, though we have loſt
His Sacred *Perſon*, yet we muſt not loſe
His happy *memory*; Ah who can chuſe
But *ſigh*, when as they ſeat his glorious *name*
Within their *ſerious thoughts*: if ever *Fame*
Receiv'd a *Crown*; It was from *him* whoſe *worth*
My wearied Quill's to weak to blazon forth;
And when the beſt of my *endeavour's* done,
I ſhall but light a *Candle* to the *Sun*;
Yet I will ſpend my *ſtrength*; a feeble *light*
Plac'd by a greater, makes it ſhine more *bright*:
He was ('tis not unknown to all the *earth*)
A *Prince* by *vertue*, and a *Prince* by *birth*.
In the *Exordium* of his *reign* he ſway'd
The *Scepter* of this *Land*, (till time betray,
Cupid to *Mars*) with a Majeſtick *brow*,
And made his chearfull *ſubjects* hearts to bow
In *honour*, and it could not be expreſt
Whether he rul'd *himſelf*, or *ſubjects* beſt;
He was a *Prince*, whoſe *life* and *converſation*
Impoveriſh'd *vices*, and inrich'd his *Nation*
With good *examples*, *honour* never found
So ſweet a *harbour*, vertue never crown'd

o rare a *heart*; *Love* reign'd within his *eye*,
nd there was cloathed with *Divinity*,
irtue, and *Majeſty* did ſeem to ſtrive
ithin his Royall *breaſt* which ſhould ſurvive
greateſt *glory*, but 'twas ſoon decided,
artha and *Mary* would not be divided,
o more would they, there was a *ſympathy*
tweeu them both, for if the *one* ſhould dye,
he other could not *live*, they were combin'd
ithin his *breaſt* and could not be *diſjoyn'd*.
Oh happy is that Land where Vertue *ſhall*
Meet Majeſty within a Princes *Hall*.
e was a *King*, not onely over *land*,
ut over *Paſſion*, for he could command
is Royall *ſelf*, and when approaching *trouble*
aſſail'd his *mind*, his *wiſdome* would redouble
is preſent *patience*, and he would allow
he worſt of *ſorrows*, a contented *brow*;
is undivided *ſoul* was alwayes free
o propigate the *works of piety*;
is heart was ſtill attracted to good *motions*,
y the true *loadſtone* of his firm *devotions*.
e alwayes ſtudied how to recompence
ood *deeds* with full *rewards*: as for *offence*
e ſooner would *forgive* it, than impoſe
puniſhment; his *meekneſſe* made his *foes*
row *ſupercilious*, and at laſt, they made
private *ſnare*, and *zealously* betray'd

The *Lord* of *Englands life*, whose free consent
Granted them a *triennial Parliament*
To salve the *Kingdomes* grievances, but *they*
Took not the *grievances*, but *Him* away;
It could not be distinguish'd which did reign
Mars or *Apollo* most within his *brain*:
He was a *Cæsar*, and the equall *Fame*
Of *War* and *Wisedome* dwelt upon his *Name*;
As for his *Martiall* parts, *Edge hill* will bear
An everlasting *record*, how his care
And *resolution* did maintain that *fight*
Till *day* submitted to th'incroaching *night*
Although heav'ns *Generall* was pleas'd to bring
Such small *conditions* to so great a *King*;
We must not judge, that 'tis *successe* that can
Procure the *title* of a Valiant *man*,
For that will but instruct *him* how to fly
Upon the wings of *popularity*
As for his *Theologick* parts I may
Without *presumption* absolutely say,
He was a second *David*, and could raise
A lofty *strain* to sing his *Makers* praise;
Read but his *Meditations*, and you'ld find
His *breast* retain'd a heav'n enamel'd *mind*:
Now *Reader*, close thine *eyes*, and do not read
My following *lines*, except thy *heart* can bleed
And thou not dye; ah here's a mournfull *Text*
Imports a *death*, suppose what follows next,

And 'tis enough; o that I could *ingroſſe*
The *language* of the *world* t'expreſſe this *loſſe*, (fall
Break *hearts*, weep *eyes*, lament your *Soveraigns*
And let *him* ſwim unto his *funerall*
In Subjects *tears*; oh had you ſeen his *feet*
Mounted the *ſtage* of *blood*, and run to meet
The *fury* of his *foes*, and how his *breath*
Proclaim'd a *correſpondency* with *death*;
Oh then thy diving *heart* muſt needs have found
The depth of *ſorrow*, and receiv'd a wound,
That *Time* could not recure, oh ſuch a ſight
Had been ſufficient to have made a *night*
Within this little *world*, hadſt thou but ſeen
What ſoul defending *patience* ſtood between
Paſſion and *him*: with what a pleaſing *grace*
(*As if that death had bluſh'd within his face*)
He look'd upon his *people* which ſurrounded (ed
His mourning *Scaffold*, whilſt his *thoughts* abound-
With heav'nly *raptures*, his *Angellick* voice
Taught *Joy* to weep, and *ſorrow* to rejoyce;
Tears blinded many, that they could not ſee
So *bloody*, ſo abhorr'd a *Tragedy*.
He look'd, as if he rather came to view
His *Subjects*, than to bid them all adieu;
Fear had no *habitation* in his *breaſt*,
And what he *ſpoke* was readily expreſt;
Heav'ns ſacred *Orator* divinely tipp'd
His tongue with golden *languages*, and dipp'd

His *ſoul* in *loves* ſweet *fountain*, ſo that *all*
That *lov'd*, *admir'd* and *griev'd* to ſee him *fall*;
Whilſt he (ſubmitting *Prince*) devoutly pray'd
That *heav'n* would pardon *thoſe* that had betray'd
His *body* to the *grave*; as from his ſoul
He had *forgave* them all, and did condole
Their ſad *conditions*, having ſpent his *breath*,
He yielded (like a lamb) unto his *death*.
Much more he utter'd, but my burthen'd *Quill*
Recoyls, and will not proſecute my *will*;
My *Pen* and I muſt now abruptly part.
Pardon (*ob reader*) for *love binds* my *heart*
With *chains* of *ſorrow*, let me crave what I
Shall want in *language*, that thou wilt *ſupply*
In *meditation*; but before I let
My *quill* deſert my *hand*, I'le make it *ſet*
This Tragi comick period to my ſtory,
Charles *liv'd in trouble, and he dy'd in glory.*

FINIS.

Habbakuk *cap.* 1. *verſe* 13.

Thou art of purer eyes (*ob God*) *than to behold* evil, *and canſt not look on* iniquity: *Wherefore lookeſt thou upon them that deal* treacherouſly, *and holdeſt thy tongue when the* wicked *devoureth the* man *that is more* righteous *than thou?*

A

AN EPITAPH.

C aines have kill'd their *Abel*, laid
H im underneath, whom they betray'd
A nd forc'd to *death*; (Kind Reader) know
R eligion was his *overthrow*
L ament, lamen', this *fatall* loſſe,
E ngland never had a *Croſſe*
S o great as *this*; let every *eye*

K eep *teares* to weep his *Elegie*.
I may preſume to ſay a *Tombe*
N ever had a richer *wombe*.
G o not till your *ſorrows* have

O ffer'd *tears* unto his *grave*;
F ail not to ſpend ſome reall *groans*,

E xcept your *hearts* are turn'd to *ſtones*.
N ow me thinks his *aſhes* cryes
G uiltleſſe blood's a *Sacrifice*,
L ondon late ly loſt her *heart*,
A nd is ſick in every *part*,
N othing could appeaſe but *blood*
D eath took her *King*, and left a *flood*.

FINIS.

AN ELEGIE

UPON

The Right Honourable, the Lord *Capell Baron of* Hadham; *Who was beheaded at* Westminster, *for maintaining the ancient and Fundamentall Laws of the Kingdome of* England

March the 9. 1648.

Heu jacet aut factis vivit ubique suis.

Disturb me not, my *thoughts* are mounting high,
To build a *Nest* for *Capells* memory
Fool that I am, I do not mean, a *Nest*.
No, nor a *Kingdome* neither, that's the least
Of all my thoughts, It is a *world* that shall
Be rul'd by *Capells echo*, hollow all
Ye, sacred *Muses*, and conspire to bring
Materialls for this *work* and learn to sing;
For should ye weep, your *eyes* might undertake
To drown that *world* which I intend to make.

Forbear;

Forbear; your *tears* are uſeleſſe, you muſt now
Gaze upon *death* with an undaunted *brow*,
Capell has taught us how to entertain
The pallid looks of *Mars*, by him we gain
The *art* of dying, and from him we have
The *Definition* of a Noble *grave*;
Rare *ſoul* I ſay, thy ever active *Fame*
Shall build a *world* upon thy pregnant *name*,
And every Letter of thy *Name* ſhall raiſe
Aſpatious *Kingdome*, where thy ample *praiſe*
Shall be recorded, every hearkning *Ear*
Shall prove ambitious, and admire to hear:
'Twill be a *glory* when the world ſhall ſay,
'Twas bravely done, his *Soveraign* led the way,
And he (as valiant Souldiers) ought to do,
March'd boldly after, and was alwayes true
To ſacred *Majeſty*; his Noble *breath*
Diſdain'd the fear of a *Tirannick* death;
Death added *life* unto his *thoughts*, for he
Contemn'd at *life*, though bought with *infamie*.
The very *birds* ſhall learn to prate and ſing,
How *Capell* ſuffer'd for his Royall *King*.
Rouze then ye ſtupid *ſons* of *Morpheus*; let
This ſhining *Sun* of *Engliſh valour* ſet,
And riſe within your *horizons*, your *hearts*
I mean, and teach you how to ſing in parts
The *Anthems* of his *worth*; oh underſtand
That this was he, whoſe *death* hath fill'd the *Land*

With

With living *sorrow*; this was he, whose *glory*
Shall lend the *world* an everlasting *story*:
You lust-obeying *Tarquins*, that permit
And tolerate your *pleasures*, to commit
Adulterated *actions*, and command
England, our poor *Lucretia*, to stand
Subject to your libidinous *desires*,
And cannot help her self, heaven grant your *fires*
May soon expire, that at the last we may
(like *Tarquins*) see you banish'd quite away.
Say, will your hung'ry *appetites* receive
No satis faction? have ye vow'd to leave
No noble *blood*? Alas how can your meek
And tender *consciences*, thus *roar*, and *seek*
Like greedy *Lyons*, scenting up, and down
To find your *prey* in every Royall *Town*.
Where is that *zeal* which was in former *times*
A golden *pretex*, to your drossy *crimes*?
Doe ye not think of *heav'n*? have you forgot
There is a *God*; or will ye own him not;
Where is *Religion* (your upholder) fled
What? is that *murther'd* too; or have ye spread
A vaile upon *her* that she may not be
Observ'd, or own'd, but in *necessity*,
Has not *Religion* all this while maintai'd
Your unjust *cause*? what money's ye have gain'd
Was for *Religions* sake, which still supply'd
Your *wants*, but now ye're *full*, that's lai'd aside;

Unhappy

Unhappy is that land, whose People brags,
That they have put Religion up in baggs.
Money precedes *Religion* now; but ſtay
Precipitating *quill*, I've loſt my *way*,
Nay, and my *ſubject* too, how came my *minde*
Thus much to deviate; oh where ſhall I finde
My former *ſubject*? ſhall my *thoughts* abject
His *memory*, and own him with Neglect:
No, no, they ſhall not, come my *Muſe*, repoſe,
Lets think upon our *Friend*, and let our *foes*
Remember us, *Capell*, thy *worth* ſhall fill
The black-mouth'd *concave* of my mourning *quill*.
He was a *Pompie*, but receiv'd his harme
From *Tyrants*, not from *Cæſars* noble arm,
He had an *Army* in his minde, could call
Vertue to be their bold-fac'd *Generall*;
He had no *Pride*, no *faction* to create,
Or nurſe *diviſion* in his peaceſull *ſtate*;
He had a *Court* of *Juſtice* in his *breaſt*,
But not to *tirannize*, or make inqueſt
After the *ſons* of *Loyalty*, or bring
Illegall *Judgements*, to their legall *King*;
He had a *heart*, that never us'd to hide
The heate of *envy*, or the flames of *Pride*;
He had a *Conſcience* never us'd t'exact
Upon a *widdowed* Kingdome, or extract
The *treaſures* of a *Nation*, to defray
His own *deſires*, he never us'd to play

The

The *Devil* in the *habit* of a *Saint*,
Or teach his *Agitators* how to paint
A *vice* with pleasing *colours*, or prepare
His ready *eyes* to shed a *zealous* tear
With a false *heart*, he never striv'd to please,
And turn the *peoples* hearts with *Peters Keyes*;
And to conclude, he never would desire
Other mens *fuell* to maintain his *fire*;
Now *Reader*, thou hast heard he had a *mind*
Not *Morgag'd* unto *baseneſſe*, but inclin'd
To honourable *actions*; It was he
That was the *Embleme* of true *Charitie*,
Yet some unworthy *spirits* have expreſt
He was a *son* of *Rome* because his breast
Was fill'd with *pity*, and would still relieve
The *Poore*, whose wants instructed him to *grieve*.
False are those base *reports*, he was a man
Alwayes reputed a great *Puritan*,
And not a *Papist*, and he had a care
To have that *hated* Book of *Common Prayer*
Read to his *Family*, himself would joyn
His aid to any thing that was *Divine*;
The *Church* did seldome fail to entertain
His Noble *self* and his domestique *train*
Untill this blessed *Reformation* spread
It self abroad, and struck *Religion* dead;
And then indeed his *Conscience* would refuse
To let him hear some *Rabshekah* abuse

His

His Gods *Anointed*, and his reall *heart*
Could not endure to hear *time-ſervers* darts
Arrrows of *envy* at his *King*, and rail
Againſt his *Conſort*, labring to intail
Diſgrace upon their *names*, and fill the earth
With heaps of *errours*, and rebellious *mirth*:
Theſe things his *heart* abhor'd, he could not hear
His *King* abuſed with a patient *ear*:
He was the *ſcul* of *Loyalty*, his mind
Was alwayes *active*, for he ſtill inclin'd
His *thougts* to *goodneſſe*, ſtriving how to bring
Peace to his *Countrey*, *honour* to his *King*;
He was a *man* that alwayes us'd to fly
Upon the wings of true *ſodility*;
He was *compleat* and *rich* in every part,
His *tongue* was never *traytor* to his *heart*;
But now, ah now (I ſhall make death too proud
To ſpeak it) he hath lately left this cloud,
This *world* of *envy*, and is gone t'inherit
Thoſe *joyes* which wait upon a Noble *ſpirit*:
Now, now he's gone to *heav'ns* ſublimer *Court*,
Where *Juſtice* lives, a place where falſe *report*
Shall find no *ears*, a place where none ſhall *dye*,
For being *rich* or *wiſe*; there *Loyalty*
Shall be reſpected; there, the weeping *eyes*
Of *Orphans* ſhall be pitied, there the *cries*
Of *Ladies* pleading for their *Lords* ſhall find
A full reſpect; where *Vertue* is refin'd,

There

There muſt be *happineſſe*, oh think but where
It is, (kinde Reader) and brave *Capels* there,
There, there, he *reſts*, who ſtoutly trod the *ſtage*
Of *blood*, whoſe *life*, whoſe *death* no *age*
Will ever *paralell*, his *courage* gave
A *life* to *death*, and *pleaſure* to a *grave*:
He had a pleaſing *countinance*, his *face*
Did ſeem to *bluſh*, but 'twas for their *diſgrace*,
And not his *guilt*, he never ſeem'd t'expreſſe
The leaſt of *feare*, but haſted to addreſſe
Himſelfe to *heav'n*, and lige a *ſtagge*, he bay'd
At his unſatiated *hounds*, and lay'd
His *life* before them, and contemn'd their *power*
Becauſe he knew, they only could devour
His little *world*; but for his *ſoul*, that went
Before a conſcientious *Parliament*,
Where now he *reſts* in peacefulneſſe, and doubles
His *pleaſures*, whilſt his *foes* ſurvive in *troubles*.
There reſt heroick *Capell*, and enjoy
Thoſe rich *delights*, which time cannot deſtray:
Reſt *thou*, whilſt thoſe are *reſtleſſe*, which deny'd
To let thee on *earth*, whoſe hearts are ty'd
In blood bloody *fetters*, which conglutinates
Their *ſouls*, and leads them to the worſt of *fates*,
But now my *quill* growes weak I muſt forſake
Theſe ſable *paths*, I dare not undertake
So great a *journey*, for my feeble *pen*
Begins to ſtagger, *griefe* and teach me when

I ſhall

I ſhall begin, but will not prove my *friend*,
And lead my *ſorrows* to a peacefull *end*;
My *thoughts* increaſe, this *ſubj ct* would infuſe
A youthfull *life* into an ancient *Muſe*.
My heart's compos'd of *raptures*, and my *hand*
Receives new *ſtrength*; methinks I could command
The ſpacious *world*, and teach it to expreſſe
His praiſe on *earth*, though not his happineſſe
In *heav'n*, where now I'le leave him, and retire;
I'le ceaſe to *write*, and practiſe to *admire*.

Ye have killed, and condemned the Juſt, and he doth not reſiſt you Jam. 5. 6.

AN EPI-

Upon

The Right Honourable,

A tower is fallen, and it lyes
R epreſented to thy *eyes*:
T herefore, *Reader*, if thy *breath*
H ad *intereſt* in his *death*,
V nfix thy *thoughts*, and poſt away,
R *eaſon* forbids a *Tyrants* ſtay:

L aviſh out your hearty *eryes*,
O pen wide your flowing *eyes*,
R ecord his *worth*, and let all *hearts*
D ote upon his living *parts*:

C an any think upon his *Name*,
A nd not labour to proclaim
P erpetuall *praiſes* to his *worth*,
E ngaging *hearts* to ſet him forth:
L et all *men* ſay, and not *repent*,
L o, here lyes *Murthers* Complement.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori.

A CURSE

Againſt the Enemies
OF

PEACE.

PEace, peace, Rebellious *Vipers*; you that (cry
Advance *Mechannicks*, down with *Majeſty*.
Ceaſe your vain *wiſhes*, may ye never reſt
That love no *Peace*; nay, may ye ne're be
That envy *Sion*; ah! ſhall *Sions* glory (bleſt
Be thus abſtracted, and thus made a *ſtory*
To after-*ages*? hath your hungry *zeale*
Devoured all your *ſenſes*, at on *meal*?
What do ye mean? do ye intend to try
A *Reformation* with *Phlebomity*;
Or has your hell-bred *thoughts* found out a way
To turn a *Canaan* to a *Golgotha*?

Hath the Tartarian *Counſellor* invented
Such thriving *Plots*, that cannot be Prevented
Leave off baſe acts, *Mechannicks*, and begin
To deale uprightly, and reforme within:
Bury your aged *crimes*, and then go call
Your ſtragling *ſenſes* to the *funerall*:
Thus I adviſe you, if this will not doe,
Aſſure your ſelves, I'le learn to *curſe* ye too.

May *heav'n*, whoſe frowning *countenance* doth (ſhow
An *angry* reſolution, overthrow
You and your *prick-ear'd Progeny*, and make
Your *children* ſuffer, for their *parents* ſake;
May ye all *beg*, and wander *up* and *down*
Like *vagabonds*, be laſh'd from *Town* to *Town*:
And may the *Load-ſtones* of your *crimes* attract
Ten thouſand *plagues*, and may thoſe *plagues* exact
Upon your laviſh *ſouls*, let impious *Fate*
Bluſh, if ſhe chance to make you *fortunate*.
May *torments* purſue *torments*, and ſtill grow
Till *Rithmetick* be non-pluſt, and o'rethrow
Your Treaſon-loaded *hearts*; And if this *Curſe*
Will not ſucceed, may't yeeld unto a *worſe*
For you, that this declining age may ſee
The *juſt rewards* of your *impiety*:
Let *baſeneſſe* be *entayl'd* upon your *name*,
Too ſtrong for all *recovery*; Let *ſhames*
And laſting *infamies* remain
In deeper *Characters* than that of *Cain*,

May

May your souls burn, till *heav'n* shall think it good
To quench them in your *generations* blood,
That all the world may heare you *hisse* and cry,
Who lov'd no Peace, in Peace shall never dye.

THE

THE AUTHORS Farewell to ENGLAND.

England, farewel; th'affections that I bear
To thee, I cannot name without a *tear*;
I must be gon, my troubl'd *Conscience* loaths
To stain its *welfare* with thy new-made oaths
Heav'n knows my *heart*, I truly hate *disorders*
And pitty them that live within thy *boarders*.
As for my selfe; I cannot stoop so low,
To be subordinate to *them*, I know
Are but *inferiors*, though they have of late
Converted *Monarchy* into a *State*;
Though *Heav'n* conceales his anger for a time,
Giving them leave to dote upon a *crime*;

A day will come to plague their *ſoules*, and then
They'l prove but *devills*, in the ſhapes of men.
And ſo *farewell* poor *England*, quite farewell,
Where Furyes *reigne*, *there needs muſt be a Hell.*

Anglia, jam quantum, quantum mutata vetuſtas,
Nunc caput es ſceleris, qui calut orbis eras.

On

On the death of his Royall Majesty, CHARLES *late* KING of ENGLAND, &c.

WHat went ye out to see? a dying King?
Nay more, I fear an Angel suffering.
But what went you to see? A Prophet slain?
Nay, that and more, a martyr'd Soveraigne.
Peace to that sacred dust! *Great Sir,* our fears
Have left us nothing but obedient tears
To court your hearse; and in those pious floods
We live, the poor remainder of our goods.
Accept us in these latter obsequies,
The unplundered riches of our hearts and eyes,
For in these faithfull streams and emanations
Were subjects still beyond all *Sequestrations.*
Here we cry more than Conquerours: malice may
Murder estates, but hearts will still obey;
These as your glori's yet above the reach,
Of such whose purple lines confusion preach.
And now (*Dear Sir*) vouchsafe us to admire
With envy your arrivall, and that *Quire*
Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that supply'd
Our duties at your tryumphs: where you ride
With full cœlestial *Ioes,* and *Ovations:*
Rich as the conquest of three ruin'd *Nations.* (hence
But, 'twas the heavenly plot that snatch'd you
To crown your soul with that magnificence
And boundeu rights of honor, that poor earth
Could only wish and strangle inthe birth

Such

Such pittied emulation ſtop'd the bluſh
Of our ambitious ſhame, non-ſuited us.
For where ſouls act beyond mortallity,
Heaven only can performe that *Jubilee.*
We wraſtle then no more, but bleſſe your day
And mourn the anguiſh of our ſad delay:
That ſince we cannot add, we yet ſtay here
Fettred in clay: Yet longing to appear
Spectators of your bliſs, that being ſhown
Once more, you may embrace us as your own.
Where never envy ſhall divide us more,
Nor City tumults, nor the worlds uproar.
But an eternall huſh, a quiet peace
As without end, ſo ſtill in the increaſe
Shall lull humanity aſleep, and bring
Us equall ſubjects to the heav'nly King.
Till when I'le turn *Recuſant*, and forſwear
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.

An Epitaph.

STay Paſſenger: behold and ſee
The widdowed grave of *Majeſty*,
Why trembleſt thou, here's that will make
All but our ſtupid ſouls to ſhake.
Here lies entomb'd the ſacred duſt
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and Juſt.
The blood (O ſtay, let thou not to heare?)
Of a good King 'twixt hope and fear

Shed

Shed, and hurried hence to be
The miracle of miſerie.
Adde the ills that *Rome* can boaſt,
Shrift the world in every coaſt,
Mix the fire of earth and ſeas
With humane ſpleen and practiſes,
To puny the records of time,
By one grand *Gygantick* crime,
Then ſwell it bigger till it ſqueeze
The globe to crooked hams and knees,
Here's that ſhall make it ſeem to be
But modeſt *Chriſtianity*.
The *Lawgiver*, amongſt his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown.
Voted *Monarchy* to death
By the courſe *Plebian* breath.
The *Soveraign* of all command
Suff'rings by a *Common* hand:
A *Prince*, to make the odium more,
Offer'd at his very door.
The head cut off, O death to ſee't!
In obedience to the feet,
And that by *Juſtice* you muſt know,
If thou haſt faith to think it ſo.
Wee'le ſtir no further then this ſacred Clay,
But let it ſlumber till the *Judgement* day.
O all the *Kings* on earth, 'tis not deny'd,
Here lies the firſt that for Religion di'd

FINIS.